The Magazine for Youth

sunshine

March '81

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Vol. 27 No. 8 March 1981

sunshine

The Magazine for Youth
Founded in 1954

PURPOSE

This Indian Youth Monthly is sponsored by the Children's Sunshine Concerns, a registered non-profit educational Public Trust organized to ensure the all-round welfare of youth and to promote international understanding. SUNSHINE, founded in 1954, aims at fostering among boys and girls, 10-16, a democratic attitude, the service-above-self ideal, a sense of national unity and a world outlook. It also provides them with general knowledge, citizenship training, hints on efficiency and growing up, and English language practice.

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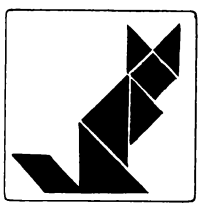
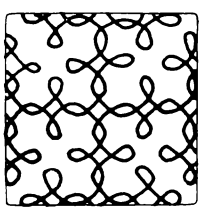


Our Cover: A festive Rangoli pattern designed by Lakshmi. See p. 6.



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(Sd.) **Mrs. V. Krishnayya)**
(Signature of Publisher)

A time of troubles

This is the third month during which agitations and bandhs have marked the 'Reservations' controversy in Gujarat. It all began reasonably enough with the medical students asking the government to cease 'reserving' seats in the post-graduate courses. However, it has evolved into a general caste 'war', with stone-throwing and bus-burning in the cities, with many Harijan hamlets burnt to the ground, and one or two persons killed daily in firings. The upper castes are expressing their resentment of the new status that Harijans have achieved.

That this is happening in Gujarat is significant, for it shows that, even in Gandhiji's own home State, his ideas and ideals have had so little influence. This question of reservations and scholarships, etc, for the backward classes, is clearly an issue on which we must, each of us, have his own opinion and judgement, and not depend on others to decide what we think. Each of us probably knows persons who have benefitted from, and others who have suffered due to the system of reservations. But comparing these people is *not* the issue. There are over 200 million backward-class persons in the country and today the reservations help perhaps 20,000 of them, each year. The idea is to help these communities to better their prospects, open up new horizons and help them participate more hopefully in the growth of the country. This is the only way that the backward classes will ever have qualified representatives among the ruling elite.

Arnold Toynbee, the great British historian, has written in 'A Study of History', that mankind has mostly lived in a Time of Troubles between the temporary peace of one empire and another. It is clear that the present is a Time of Troubles following the end of the great European empires.

We may well ask ourselves what qualities of mind and spirit are most needed during such a period, and then try and cultivate them. A different set of qualities are needed in the heyday of Empire, or during a World War. During a Time of Troubles, qualities that make one an island of security are necessary. If your *Integrity* is undoubted, people can always rely on you — they know you won't ever let them down. *Empathy* is needed — putting yourself in the other man's shoes — doing to him as you would be done by. *Mental alertness* is also necessary so that you will know and understand what is happening, and not be surprised by the turn of events.

Your Editor

by **Lakshmi**

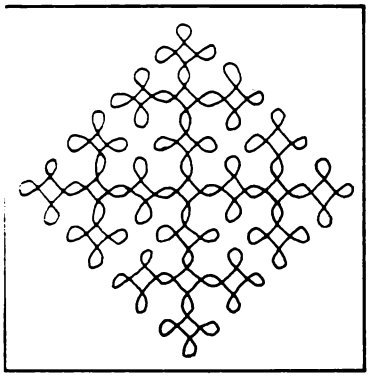
Rangoli

Nowadays, there are a lot of people attracted to practising Rangoli. They fill in the boundaries of their design with colourful and realistic powdered chalk representations of just about any subject that appeals to their imagination — Lord Krishna playing his flute, Shiva and Parvati, temple scenes, etc. What a far cry this is from the more 'disclipined', traditional art of Rangoli that originated in South India.

It was the custom, and still is, in many traditional households, for the women to wake up early in the morning — maybe at 5 or 5:30 a.m., sweep the area in front of the house, sprinkle it with water mixed with cow dung, and then draw artistic and beautifying designs on the area. The reason for sweeping is evident. It is good hygiene, besides it gave the house a clean and pleasant appearance. The reason for the cow dung? It acted as a very effective disinfectant. And the reason for ladies exclusively practising Rangoli was, because, in an age when women were very much confined to the house,it gave them a splendid outlet for their creative and artistic talents. The art of Rangoli also demanded from them a great deal of patience and concentration, as you will soon learn.

Another valuable side benefit for ladies who had to stay home and cook for most of the day, was that they got their daily exercise. They had to *bend* and draw the designs — not sit on their haunches. This provided good exercise for the hip joint and back muscles.

Rangoli designs were always made with rice flour and not with chalk, as is the common practice now. The reason for this was that the rice flour was meant as food for the ants and sparrows. This demonstrates the Hindu belief that men should not only be concerned with their fellow human beings, but also with all other living creatures.



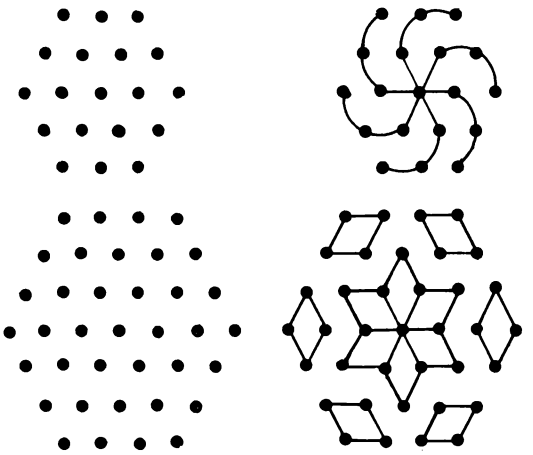
Rules for Rangoli

The basis for drawing designs is a system of dots. There are 3 basic forms that are based on a combination of Even Dots, Odd Dots and Composite Dots. From these, countless variations of design are possible.

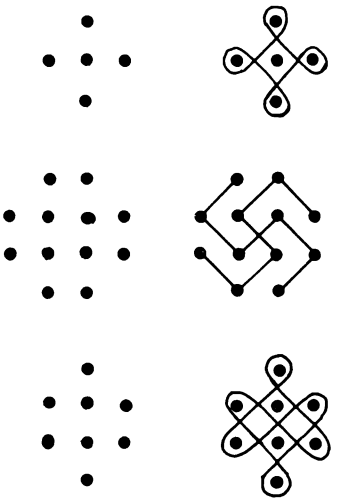
There are particular ways in which the dots should be joined. This is necessary for achieving symmetery of design which is absolutely essential for Rangoli.

Here are some basic designs:

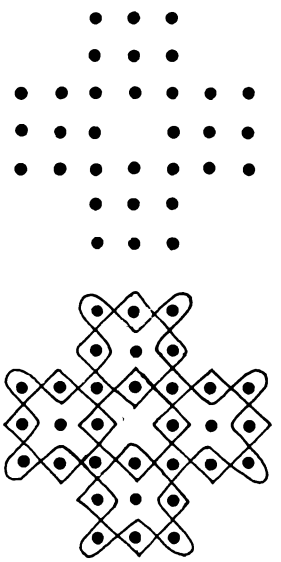
Odd Dots:

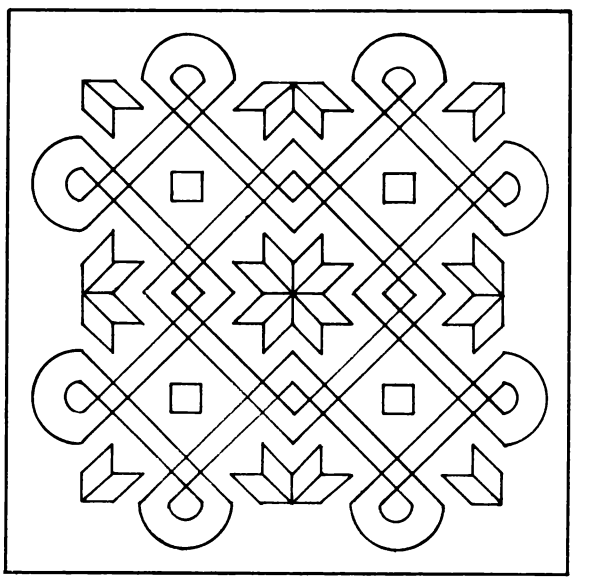


Even Dots:



Composite Dots:
(This involves grouping of figures)





The Story So Far:

14-year-old ***Jason Wright*** *is on vacation in Hong Kong where his father is working. He returns to school in England a week early to try out for the Swimming Championship. On the plane Jason is asked to look after two small children who are travelling alone.*

The plane is hijacked by three Japanese, members of a suicide squad called ***Rengo Sekigun****. The plane crash lands near Malaya; three passengers who try to attack the hijackers are overpowered and seriously wounded. The plane's Captain Chisholm is knocked unconscious.*

To help his fellow passengers, Jason escapes from the plane. But he is spotted, and one of the hijackers pursues him. Finally, in self-defence, Jason shoots a poisoned dart into the Japanese, and then runs for his life, back to the beach.

Meanwhile, soldiers and supplies are being flown from Bangkok. Colonel Chula of the Interior Ministry takes charge of negotiations. The women and two children are allowed to get off the plane, but not the injured men. Also, anyone that went on board was taken prisoner! Journalists and more soldiers arrive and, with them, two Japanese men in plain clothes.

Now read on ....

HIJACKED!

J.M. Marks

Serial Story — Part VIII

Matsutan.' The elder of the two, a middle-aged man with cropped, grizzled hair, gave Jason a deep bow.

'Sumitomo.' The second man was much younger, in his early twenties, and wore his black hair long, brushed back over his ears. He bowed rather less stiffly and Jason shook hands with them both.

'We heard that you had escaped and brought the news.' Matsutan bowed again.

'No.' At Matsutan's look of surprise

Jason said quickly: 'I did escape, but a fishing boat saw the aircraft first.'

'That is correct', confirmed Colonel Chula. 'Mister Jason came from the forest. I found him just at the back of the palms here.'

'Ah so!' Matsutan thought a moment. 'You did not reach a village?'

'No.'

'Did you go along the beach in the morning?'

'No, I thought it was too open. I walked in the forest till I heard a helicopter, and came back.'

Then Matsutan asked the question that Jason had dreaded. 'Did anyone follow you?'

'I think one man tried to swim after me, but I got away in the darkness.' Jason shot a quick glance at Colonel Chula but he, eyes half-shut over his cheroot made no comment.

Matsutan murmured something in Japanese, stood and bowed first to Jason and then to Colonel Chula. 'Perhaps now we will go to the aircraft?'

Feeling more uneasy than ever, Jason wandered aimlessly about when yet another helicopter landed in its private duststorm. He jerked round at the sound of an English voice: 'Hullo there!' A tall man in check shirt, slacks and faded desert boots was striding towards him, hand outstretched. 'Michael Deane, from the Embassy. You must be Jason Wright. We got through to Hong Kong on the scrambler, and our people there have told your parents — all strictly secret!' He clapped Jason on the shoulder. 'Wonderful piece of work! As soon as you've given us the story and the Thais release you, we'll get you out of this. You may have to spend the night at Hat Yai, but you'll be in Bangkok tomorrow morning.'

Jason hesitated, but for no more than a moment. 'I'm not going.'

Michael Deane opened his mouth to speak, saw the desperate face, paused and then said mildly, 'Very well. But you were expected in Bangkok.'

'I'm sorry; I don't want to cause anyone any trouble. But I don't want to go. I'll stay — maybe I can help.'

'Well, if you're staying, we'll get you fixed up in our tent. I'm off now. I've one or two things to discuss with the Thais.'

Jason stood idly waiting. Voices came to him through the marquee canvas, voices he recognized. There was Colonel Chula, then he heard Michael Deane's clear English voice, and the curt voice of Matsutan. They must have finished at the aircraft. Jason pricked up his ears. Matsutan was explaining something, something ominous. 'These men say they have one man missing.'

'That's the boy, of course.'

'No, it is one of their own men. They sent him along the beach this morning to look for the boy, and he did not return.' They say that unless we return this man in twenty-four hours they are going to execute two stewardesses — one English, one Chinese,' said Matsutan in his curt voice.

Inside the marquee the tense discussion went one, but Jason wandered away between the tents. His worst fears were being realized. The hijackers were not going meekly to accept the disappearance of one of their number — and when they found out that he was not merely a prisoner, but dead, killed by one of their own hostages, their fury would be terrible. Jason crouched by

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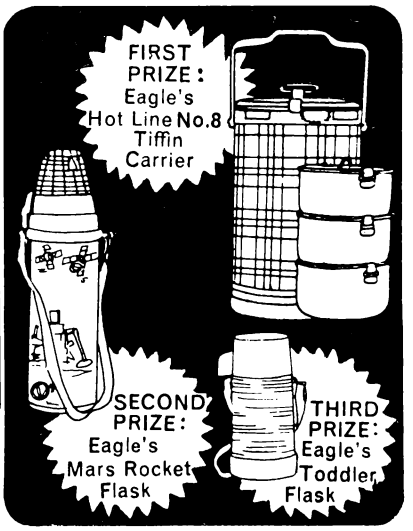

POETRY

I. Here are the first lines of some well-known poems.
a) Complete the rest of the first stanza
b) Name the Poet and the poem from which it is taken.

i) 'Tiger! Tiger! burning bright'
ii) 'When I consider how my life is spent'
iii) 'Bangle-sellers are we who bear'
iv) 'O Captain' my Captain! our fearful trip is done'
v) 'Little boy kneels at the foot of his bed'

II. Walter de la Mare is a well-loved children's poet. Write a short note about his life, and name any 3 of his poems.

III. Below are clues that describe 4 important poets.
a) Who are they? b) Where and when did they live? c) Name any 2 poems that each wrote.

A. i) He was born in Scotland and died in Samoa
ii) Besides writing poetry, essays and novels, he has written one of the most popular adventure stories of all time.

B. i) He believed that the finest poetry could be written in the simplest words.
ii) His good friend was Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

C. i) He wrote these familiar lines:
'God's in his heaven
All's right with the world'
ii) He married a poetess.

D. i) He wrote stories and poems for his son Christopher.
ii) One of his main characters loves honey.

IV. a) What is the difference between these forms of poetry — ballad, lyric, limerick.
b) Name 2 poems written in each form.

V. Match the Poets with their Poems.

Poets	Poems
Tennyson	To A Skylark
de la Mare	Gunga Din
Keats	Young and Old
Burns	Ode To A Nightingale
Shelley	Hark, Hark, the Lark
Kingsley	The Lady of Shallot
Shakespeare	To A Field Mouse
Kipling	Tartary

Send your answers to these questions on a separate sheet together with the coupon. Three lucky all-correct winners get Eagle Flasks. Upto 4 points will be awarded on merit to the rest of the winners.

SUNSHINE-EAGLE FLASK CONTEST

Name: _____

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Last Date: **MAY 10**

BELA BARTOK

(1881 — 1945)

March 25 marks the 100th birth anniversary of the great scholar-musician of the 20th century — Bela Bartok. SUNSHINE brings you a brief sketch of his life and work as a way of honouring this genius. And we hope, that as a tribute to this great composer, the music students among our readers will learn some of the numerous pieces that he has written for children.

BELA BARTOK was born in the small Hungarian town of Nagyszentmiklos where his father was director of an agricultural school. He came from a musical family and his mother gave the young Bartok his first piano lessons. He began composing music when he was very young, and at his first public performance, when he was eleven years old, he played his own composition called *The Danube,* which described the course of that river through various countries.

A few years later, Bartok entered the Royal Academy of Music at Budapest. In 1907, when he was 26 years old and had just graduated, he was appointed Professor of Piano at the same Academy. He held this post till 1934. It was here that Bartok became extremely interested in the folklore and music of the peasants of his country. So, in company with a fellow composer, Zoltan Kodaly, he toured the remote villages of Hungary, determined to collect the native songs before they died out forever. Bartok became an authority, not only on Hungarian folk songs, but also songs of the neighbouring peoples, especially the Rumanians and the Slovaks. He says of this experience: 'Those days I spent in the villages among the peasants were the happiest of my life. In order really to feel the vitality of this music one must, so to speak, have lived it. And this is possible only when one comes to know it by direct contact with the peasants.'

Bartok published nearly two thousand folk tunes, chiefly from Hungary and Rumania. He had collected many more from his travels in Central Europe, Turkey and North Africa. He set many of these tunes into compositions of his own. Besides, he wrote five books and a lot of articles on folk music.

Bartok was a highly gifted pianist and teacher. He wrote the *Mikrokosmos* which consists of 153 piano pieces in six books. They are of tremendous educational value, ranging from very simple pieces to ones that demand high technical skill. All of his music is characterized by exotic-sounding melodies that were derived from the East European folk songs that he collected. Since these songs were thousands of years old, and hardly touched by contact with western music, they were strange, yet lovely to hear. And the accompanying rhythms were always powerful, driving and most unusual. Hence, Bartok's music is always so interesting and exciting to listen to and to play.

In 1917, Bartok's ballet, *The Wooden Prince,* was performed with great success in Budapest. At that time there was a great feeling of national fervour in Hungary, so Bartok's music was well received. And for the next ten years he was a leading figure in the musical life of his country. Life changed for him when the Second World War broke in 1939. Bartok went to America

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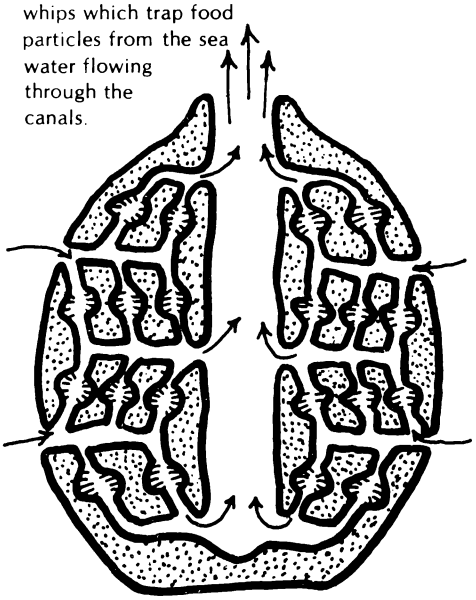
Answers to
SUNSHINE-EAGLE FLASK QUIZ CONTEST
January 1981

do you know?

1. What gives butterfly wings their beautiful colouring?

The wings of a butterfly consist of membranes supported on a framework of tubes, which serve the double purpose of veins and air tubes. These tubes are double, one within the other. The air circulates through the outer and the blood through the inner. The membrane of the wings and the body of the butterfly are covered with minute scales, arranged like the scales on a fish. If you look at these scales under a microscope, you will see that they resemble feathers. These scales are highly coloured and have a perfect structure. This is what gives the butterfly its brilliant and beautiful colouring.



CANAL SYSTEM IN A SPONGE. The tiny cells along the canals have minute whips which trap food particles from the sea water flowing through the canals.

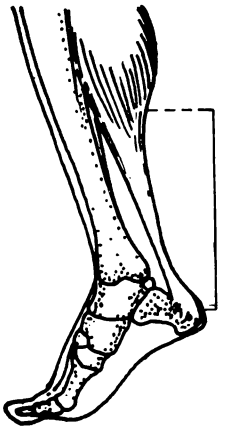
2. Are sponges plants or animals?

Sponges are a group of sea animals that are attached to the ocean or river floor where they live singly or in colonies. At one time people thought that sponges were plants since they do not move around as most animals do. But, based on the difference between animals and plants, scientists have classified sponges as one of the lower forms of animal life.

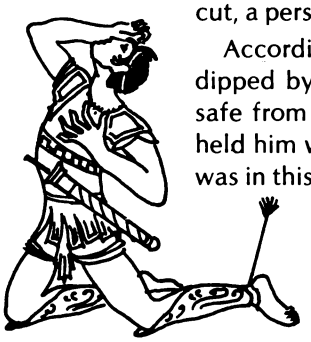
Sponges are composed of many cells, and their soft, sac-like bodies are perforated by numerous small holes or *pores*. Water is taken into the inner cavity of the sponge by the action of the tiny waving hairs called *cilia,* with which the cavity is lined. Cells of the sponge having the cilia are able to absorb and digest the tiny sea creatures that the sponge eats. The water is then ejected through a large opening at the top of the tube.

The soft body of the sponge is supported by a skeleton or network of tiny needles made of lime, silica or an elastic substance called spongin. When a sponge dies, the flesh decays, and this skeleton is left behind.

3. After What Greek hero is the tendon of the heel named, and why?



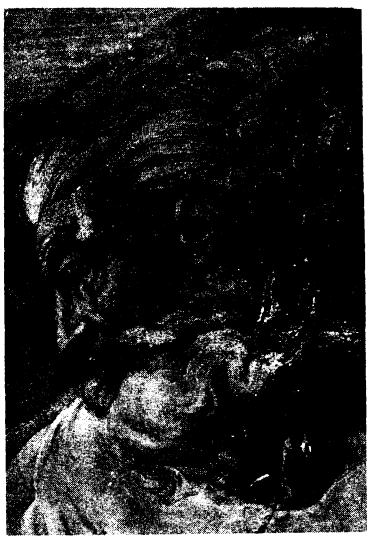
The Achilles' Tendon. It is the strong tendon that attaches the calf muscle to the bone of the heel. If this tendon is cut, a person cannot run and has difficulty in walking.



According to Greek mythology, Achilles had been dipped by his mother into the river Styx to make him safe from wounds in battle. But the heel by which she held him was not protected by the waters of the Styx. It was in this heel that Achilles received his death wound

4. Why does a dog turn round before lying down?

Dogs retain many of the characteristics of their wild ancestors. Turning or circling before lying down is one of them and can be traced to the primitive fear of lurking enemies. Other characteristics are gobbling food down quickly and growling at people who come near when he is eating.



5. What is a fresco?

A *fresco* is a painting made with water colours on fresh plaster. *Fresco* is the Italian word for *fresh.* The artist usually first makes a drawing called a *cartoon* in the exact size of the proposed picture. He also makes a smaller sketch in water colours. Then he lays fresh plaster on the surface to be decorated. On this he places the cartoon and traces the outline. Then he is ready to paint. He has to work quickly since he cannot paint over the plaster once it is dry. The line of the plaster penetrates the plaster and acts as a binder.

Detail from The Creation of Man that Michelangelo painted in the Sistine Chapel.

6. What gives fireworks their colours?

The oxygen-giving ingredient called *potassium nitrate.* It burns with such great heat that if mixed with chemicals containing metals, the metal present is converted into luminous gas, with the result that the flame is coloured. Salts of the metal sodium give yellow; of strontium, red; of barium, green; of copper, blue.

7. How does the earthworm help the farmer?

The burrowing habit of the earthworm helps to improve the soil for the farmer. Their burrowing allows more air and water to enter the soil and helps improve drainage. They carry soil to the surface, thus helping to mix the lower soil with the upper soil. As they burrow, they also pull bits of leaves and grass into the ground leaving them to decay and enrich the soil.

8. Why does dew not form on cloudy nights?

During the day, the earth absorbs heat from the sun. At night, this heat radiates, or passes back from the earth to the air or atmosphere. The surface of the earth becomes cooler than the air above it and causes vapour to condense. This is is how dew is formed. However, on cloudy nights dew may not form because the clouds throw back or reject the escaping heat and it returns to the earth. Hence, the ground does not cool enough to cause the vapour to condense in the form of dew.

9. How did 'pig iron' get its name?

All the iron made in blast furnaces is called *pig iron.* This is because the iron is cast into bars called *pigs,* when it is to be shipped long distances from the furnace. To cast these bars, the molten iron is carried by the ladle cars to a *pig-casting machine.* There the molten iron flows into molds which move round the ladle. The name *pig* comes from an early method of running the hot iron into small sand molds arranged around a main channel like a litter of small pigs around their mother. However, today, most of the pig iron tapped from blast furnaces is *not* cast into pigs, but is used to make steel.

10. Which Italian artist painted Mona Lisa and where is this picture to be seen?

Leonardo da Vinci (1452 — 1519), a many-sided genius. He was a painter and sculptor, the perfection of whose work out-stripped his predecessors; a scientist and inventor whose theories and discoveries were *much* ahead of his time; a practical engineer; an accomplished musician and composer; an experimental chemist and author of the earliest standard book on Anatomy.

His famous portrait of Mona Lisa del Giocondo, a prominent lady from Florence now hangs in the Louvre in Paris. The Louvre was formally the residence of the Kings of France. It became a museum in 1793. It is one of the finest and most famous museums in the world.

11. What is the difference between black tea and green tea?

The difference between *black tea* and *green tea* lies in the curing process. Black tea is *fermented,* green tea is *unfermented.*

As soon as the tea leaves are picked, they are put on bamboo or wire-netting trays. Then the leaves are covered with sheeting and left for a day or two to wilt. The wilted leaves are then crushed between powerful rollers. These crushed leaves are spread out on tables in cool, airy rooms.

The oxygen in the air reacts with chemicals called *ferments* in the tea leaves. This turns the leaves black. This chemical reaction, or *fermentation,* is stopped by heating the tea in big ovens. This *black tea* is then rolled again and dried in firing machines.

Green tea is put into firing machines immediately, to prevent it from fermenting.

12. Why did the Ancient Egyptians put straw in their bricks?

The building material most readily available to the ancient Egyptians was the soil brought down by the river Nile. So they used this soil for brick-making. They took the ordinary top soil and mixed it into a thick paste with water. However, since this soil had very little adhesive power, they mixed chopped straw into the paste to help the soil stick together.

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11 ☞ Bela Bartok

with his wife, Ditta Pasztory Bartok — herself a talented pianist, and their son. Things in America were not very easy, and his music was not widely performed. He felt compelled to go to Columbia University and acquire a Ph.D. in Music, which he did, in the last years of his life, when his health was failing. Bartok died of leukaemia in 1945.

A large part of Bartok's compositions was for the Piano. His works for piano include a Rhapsody for Piano and Orchestra, 3 Piano Concertos, a sonata for piano solo, and a sonata for two pianos and percussion. He wrote nearly 400 piano pieces in smaller collections, including two for educational purposes — the *Mikrokosmos* and *For Children*. He understood the violin very well and worked with a number of well-known violinists. For the violin he wrote two concertos, two rhapsodies, four sonatas and a set of 44 short duets based on folk music. He also wrote six String Quartets. His important orchestral works are the *Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta* and a *Concerto for Orchestra*. For the stage he wrote an opera, *Bluebeard's Castle* and two ballets, *The Wooden Prince* and *The Miraculous Mandarin*. ■

Would you like to send **FREE** copies of **SUNSHINE** to your friends or cousins? Send us their names and addresses. We will mail them a copy free of charge.

Do You Like Your Face?

Young Romesh gazed into his mirror one morning and sighed wistfully.

'I'll certainly win no prizes for being handsome,' he mused. 'No one would ever call me goodlooking.'

How Romesh envied the regular features of a couple of his friends whom everybody considered handsome. Yet, as he thought about it, he realized that neither of them were very popular. He decided then that there must be things more important than looks, so he stopped worrying about his own face, which in fact, wasn't bad at all.

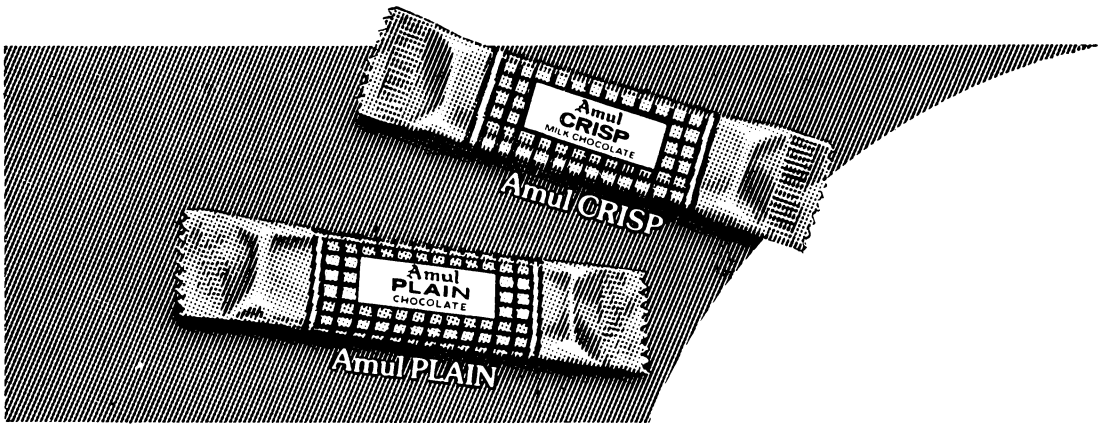
How many of us, like Romesh, worry about our looks, and think we are worse looking than people do.

An attractive face is certainly not merely a matter of good and regular features. A charming personality is of far more value than handsomeness or beauty. It gives the plainest face a glow, a kind of warmth and radiance that makes people forget the shape of the face. When you meet a person with irregular features, you may be struck, at first, by his large nose or big mouth. But after being around him for a while, you don't even notice these things. You like him because he is friendly, charming and good-natured. His face just doesn't matter.

If a person happens to be good-looking, he of course, need not worry about it. However, he should avoid becoming conceited. People who know they are good-looking and let this fact go to their heads are not very pleasant to be around. They tend to be vain, selfish and demanding .... and also the ones with the least friends.

Girls, especially, are inclined to bemoan the fact that they aren't as beautiful as some of their friends, and are often envious of girls who have prettier faces. They should stop worrying and concentrate on developing their personalities. Very soon they will probably become more likeable and attractive than their more beautiful friends. Beauty alone does not attract people for very long. It is what you are that really matters most — sensible, kind, considerate, dynamic, cheerful, ambitious. These are some of the qualities that far outweigh beauty as a necessary ingredient for success and happiness in life. ■

Two more new chocolates from Amul



in addition to the earlier four

Amul ORANGE
Amul ORANGE MILK CHOCOLATE ARTIFICIALLY FLAVOURED
Amul FRUIT & NUT
Amul MILK CHOCOLATE FRUIT & NUT
Amul MILK
Amul MILK CHOCOLATE
Amul PEANUT
Amul PEANUT MILK CHOCOLATE
Wow! Now six Amul chocolates to choose from

RADEUS/AC-1-80

Gujarat Co-operative Milk Marketing Federation Limited, Anand

APR

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wedr

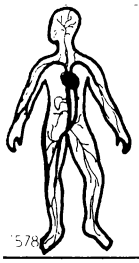
'This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.'

Shakespeare in Hamlet Act 1, Sc.3.

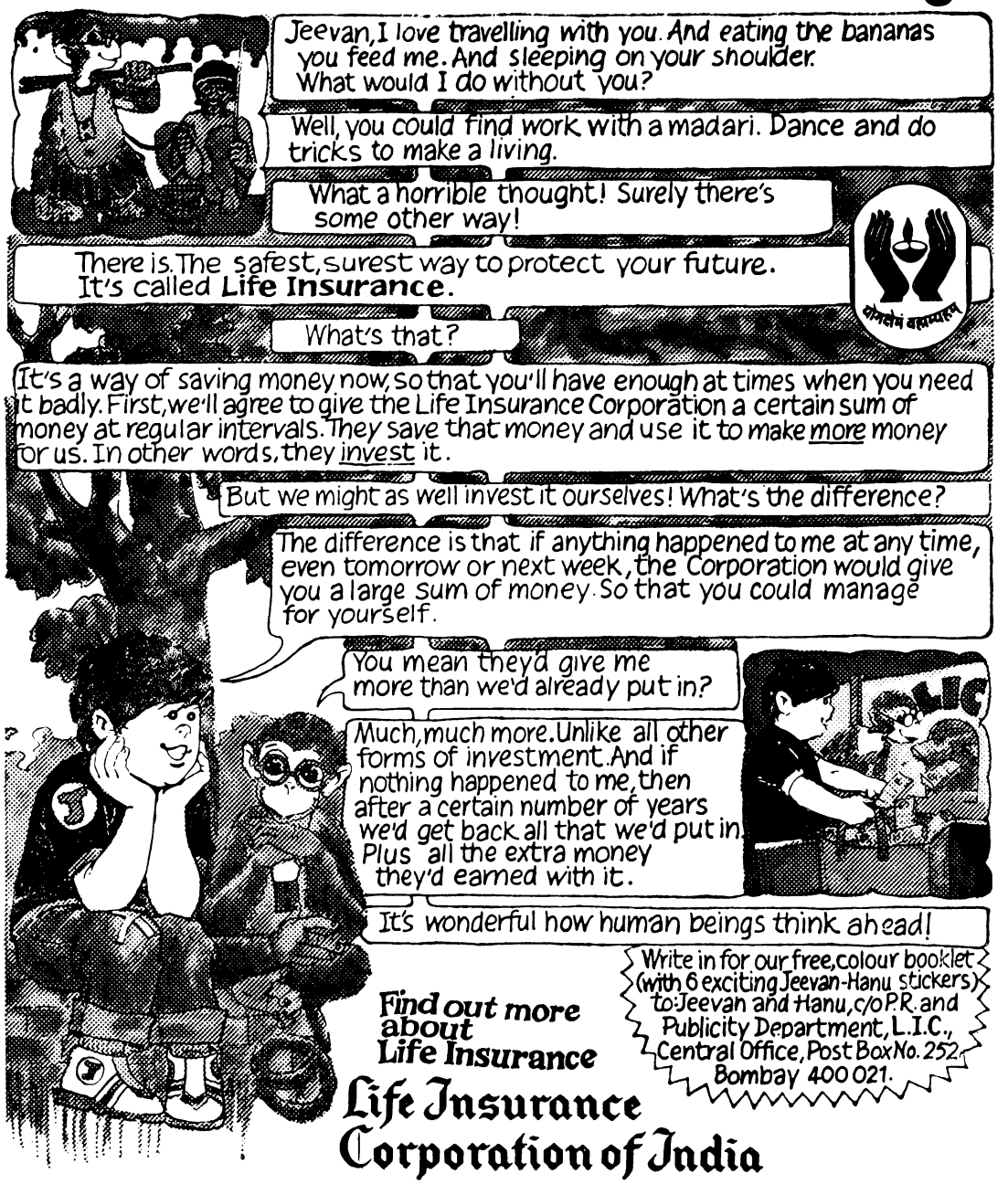
			1 William Harvey
5 Joseph Lister Born 1827	6	7 William Wordsworth Born 1770	8
12 Rami Naumi Palm Sunday	13 Baisakhi Handel's Oratorio Messiah first performed 1742	14	15 Dr. Samuel J... Dictionary ...
19 Easter	20	21 Charlotte Bronte Bor... 1816	22
26	27 M O R S E Samuel Morse Born 1791	28	29 Maha...

SUNSHINE

iL '81

sday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
 '578	2 Hans Christian Andersen Born 1805	3	4
	9	10	11
published his	16 Charlie Chaplin Born 1889	**17** ✝ Good Friday	18 Maharshi Karve
	23 Pandita Ramabai William Shakespeare	24	25 Guglielmo Marconi
	30	April's flower — **Daisy** Birthstone — **Diamond for Innocence.**	

Jeevan and Hanu discuss
The safest, surest way


Jeevan, I love travelling with you. And eating the bananas you feed me. And sleeping on your shoulder. What would I do without you?
Well, you could find work with a madari. Dance and do tricks to make a living.
What a horrible thought! Surely there's some other way!
There is. The safest, surest way to protect your future. It's called Life Insurance.
योगक्षेमं वहाम्यहम्
What's that?
It's a way of saving money now, so that you'll have enough at times when you need it badly. First, we'll agree to give the Life Insurance Corporation a certain sum of money at regular intervals. They save that money and use it to make more money for us. In other words, they invest it.
But we might as well invest it ourselves! What's the difference?
The difference is that if anything happened to me at any time, even tomorrow or next week, the Corporation would give you a large sum of money. So that you could manage for yourself.
You mean they'd give me more than we'd already put in?
Much, much more. Unlike all other forms of investment. And if nothing happened to me, then after a certain number of years we'd get back all that we'd put in. Plus all the extra money they'd earned with it.
LIC
It's wonderful how human beings think ahead!

Write in for our free, colour booklet (with 6 exciting Jeevan-Hanu stickers) to: Jeevan and Hanu, c/o P.R. and Publicity Department, L.I.C., Central Office, Post Box No. 252, Bombay 400 021.

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daCunha-LIC-103

Sunshine – Camel Colour Contest

1st Prize: ***Swati Mehta,*** Pune
2nd Prize: ***Joydip Roy,*** Calcutta
3rd Prize: ***Mona Sinha,*** Patna

5 Consolation Prizes

Deepa Ambekar, Solapur; ***Bal Singh,*** Chandigarh; ***Nehete Yadav,*** Jalgaon; ***Sudipto Saha,*** Behrampore; ***Vijay Ramchandani,*** Bombay.

10 Certificates

George Reddy, Donimalai; ***Manish Shah,*** Valsad; ***Gargi Guha,*** Behrampore; ***Anne Gonzaga,*** Cochin; ***Chaitali Das,*** Patna; ***Angeli Uttamchandani,*** Pune; ***Vinita Sahay,*** Patna; ***Pramila P. Pangarkar,*** Sonpeth; ***Asad T. Suterwala,*** Panchgani; ***Prisca Pereira,*** Atul.

5 SUNSHINE Consolation Prizes

Kiran Bhamre, Dhule; ***Sanjay Kukreja,*** Atul; ***Sachin Kalbag,*** Pune; ***Sarot Mati,*** Bhubaneswar; ***Biju Lukachan,*** Nagpur.

It was just an ordinary day until...

4 Points: ***Brian Santhumayor*** 3018/101

3 Points: ***Rashmi Singh*** 3950/6
Vijayanta Kapil 5807

2 Points: ***Thankam Moozhayil*** 3950/33
V. Gopalakrishnan 10899
Swati Mehta 10434

1 Point: ***Suresh Gopinath*** 6188
Karthika V. K. 10702
Amrita Mishra 6971/1
Milan Chatterjee 8756
James Keeriketal 4866/96

Sunshine – Eagle Flask Quiz Contest
Do You Know?

1st Prize: ***Mohan Dutt*** 10774
Calcutta

2nd Prize: ***Joydip Roy*** 11097
Calcutta

3rd Prize: ***Noel Zacharias*** 977/31
Pune

4 Points:
Vanita Wilfred 511/172
Milan Chatterjee 8756
Rohit Sanghvi 10081
Suparna Dutt 10844
Vijayanta Kapil 5807
Geeta Dhingra 10758
Raju 9493
Thankam Moozhayil 3950/33
Suresh T. Gopinath 6188
Samanvaya Joshi 977/64
Vikash Khandelwal 10970

3 Points:
Leesa John 10757
Saumyajit Basu 6620/215
Nilu Vir 5857
Ramakant Shirke 977/97
V. K. Karthika 10702
Charles Devakumar 2956
Deepa Mohan 10791
Rohit Chopra 11115
Hemant Dighe 6354
Gerard Fernandez 10929
Vasmi Abidi 10225

2 Points:
Gopa Banerjee 10889
Rita Dokania 3950/28
Rohini Anand 10630
Bhavin Sheth 3319
Vikram Kshetty 10620
Niraj Pradhan 10865
Niby Thomas 10660
Michael Menezes 3018/97
Binoy Kurup 6561/114

Cynthia Marchon 11184
Subash K. Iyer 6561/272
Hemant S. Gokhale 4984/109
Kajari Mukherjee 11161
Asad Suterwala 230/18
Brian Santhumayor 3018/101
Arvind Jain 6018/1
Vijay Bastawade 977/89

1 Point:
D. Bandyopadhyay 6620/216
Maran M. 10679
Nitin Varu 10622
Yashodhan Joshi 11085
Marzban Irani 4984/186
Gargi Guha 4585/51
Osborn Desa 230/100
Dipti Trivedi 6561/14

Grandhi Prabhakar 977/83
D. Alamu 6075/1
Lolita Lewis 2934/103
Sultan Reshamwala 230/2
Ravinder Pandita 5885
Rashmi Sadana 11098
Jyoti Tewary 3950/22
Rishika Sinha 3950/59
Aparna Mitra 3950/20

9 ☞ **(Serial Story)**

the bole of a palm, staring out at the darkening sea. He must choose, but he had known from the beginning what his choice must be. Heavily he turned back to confess.

* * *

Jason moved out beyond the marquee, safe in the darkness. He stood lost in contemplation. Near him sand crunched. It was the Japanese detective, Matsutan, with Sumitomo beside him. Together they stood silent, gazing out at the moon's path on the dark sea.

No one spoke for a moment. Then Matsutan said, 'when I stand here on the shore, I think of all those in their prison so close in front of us. You, too, Jason — you were thinking of your friends when you escaped.'

'Yes.'

'You were long in the forest, Jason.'

Jason sighed. The burden of his secret was becoming too much to bear, and Matsutan, with the silent Sumitomo, was asking to share it. 'Yes,' he said, 'I was long in the forest. I was hiding from one man.'

'The man who followed you in the sea?'

'I don't know. I saw him on the beach the next morning. He ran after me into the forest.' He hesitated, and went on: 'I hid, but he found me again. I found some'— he hesitated over the word , — 'aborigines. They ran away, leaving a blowpipe. 'He made a tube of his two curled hands and blew through it. 'When the hijacker came, I shot a dart into him,' indicating his stomach, 'Then struck him here,' and he touched his forehead. 'I thing he is dead.' He waited a moment, still no one spoke, and he said wearily: 'I am sorry I did not tell you this before. I will go and tell Colonel Chula.'

'No. Wait.'

He paused in surprise. 'But he will want to know quickly,' he said, feeling rather sick again. 'We must tell the hijackers.'

'Are you sure this man is dead? Did you see him?'

'No!'

'Perhaps he is not dead, but only wounded.'

It was a straw, and Jason clutched at it. 'May be.' Yes, maybe he is hurt — or lost!' ☞ 28

$x^4 - 3x^3 + 1 \quad \frac{1}{x\sqrt{x+1}}$

E.V. RIEU

The poet, Dr. E.V.Rieu was quite an amazing man. He was born in London in 1887. From 1912 to 1919 he came to India as Manager of the Oxford University Press. From 1944 to 1964 he was Editor of the Penguin Classics.

Dr. Rieu was also a scholar. He has published ***A Book of Latin Poetry,*** and also translations of the Greek ***Odyssey*** and The ***Iliad.*** He also had time for such diverse hobbies as carpentry, mountain-climbing, petrology (the study of the composition and structure of rocks) ..... and writing verse.

Rieu found subjects for his light verse, like ***Mr. Hall and Mr. Knight,*** in the affairs of his home, his family and pets or in the more exotic world of unicorns, flying fish and hippopotamus. He enjoyed experimenting with words and rhythms and found great relaxation and refreshment in fitting the words together in the best manner possible, to bring out the humour that he liked to see in every situation. He was also a perfectionist and never considered any of his work beyond improvement. Dr. Rieu kept many of his poems by him for years and would occasionally bring them out to see if he could improve them further.

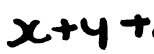
Other delightful poems that Dr. Rieu has written are ***The Paint Box, The Snake and the Snake Charmer, The Hippopotamus' Birthday*** and an anthology of poems called ***Cuckoo Calling.***

$\frac{x^5}{5} - \frac{3}{2}x^4 + x - \frac{1}{x}$

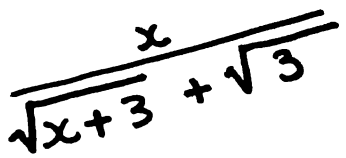
HALL & KNIGHT

OR

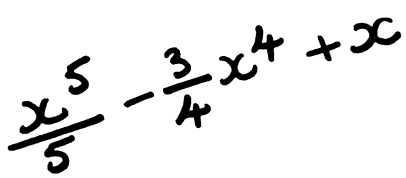
z + b + x = y + b + z



When he was young his cousins
used to say of Mr. Knight:
'This boy will write an Algebra —
or looks as if he might.'
And sure enough, when Mr. Knight
Had grown to be a man
He purchased pen and paper
and an inkpot, and began
But he very soon discovered
that he couldn't write at all,
And his heart was filled with yearnings
for a certain Mr. Hall;
Till, after many years of doubt,
he sent his friend a card:
'Have tried to write an Algebra,
but find it very hard.'



'How hard it is,' said Mr. Knight,
'to hide the fact from youth
That **x** and **y** are equal:
it is such an obvious truth!'
'It is,' said Mr. Hall,
'but if we gave a **b** to each,
We'd put the problem well beyond
our little victims' reach.
Or are you anxious, Mr. Knight,
lest any boy should see
The utter superfluity
of this repeated **b**?'
'I scarcely fear it,' he replied,
and scratched his grizzled head,
'But perhaps it **would** be safer
if to **b** we added **z**.'



Now Mr. Hall himself had tried
to write a book for schools,
But suffered from a handicap:
he didn't know the rules
So when he heard from Mr. Knight
and understood his gist
He answered him by telegram:
'Delighted to assist.'
So Mr. Hall and Mr. Knight
they took a house together,
And they worked away at algebra
in any kind of weather,
Determined not to give it up
until they had evolved
A problem so constructed
that it never could be solved.

by E.V. Rieu

'A brilliant stroke!' said Hall,
and added **z** to either side;
Then looked at his accomplice
with a flush of happy pride.
And Knight, he winked at Hall
(a very pardonable lapse).
Anl they printed off the Algebra
and sold it to the chaps.

word games

A Rose is a rose is a ...?

How many completely different meanings can you think of for words that are pronounced (but not necessarily spelt) the same as 'rose'?

Fill in the 'O' s

Each group of letters below is a perfect word — except that three or four O's have been left out. Just fill them in and see how many words you can complete correctly. Example: given the letters CTTNWD, you can fill in four O's and get the word COTTON-WOOD.

1. Snrus
2. Ffsht
3. Mntnus
4. Strerm
5. Scilgy
6. Bkshp
7. Ftlse
8. Athdx

The 'A G E' Game

Can you think of words ending in — AGE and meaning

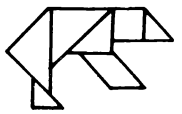
a. a common vegetable
b. a place of confinement
c. the wrapping over a wound
d. slavery
e. articles taken by a traveller
f. the leaves of a tree
g. a vehicle
h. the bond of union between man and wife
i. hurt
j. a statue
k. a journey to the Holy Land
l. to search in a disorderly way for things
m. feathers
n. the money of a country
o. a boy attending on a great person
p. violent anger
q. a drink
r. bravery
s. a wise man
t. the rescue of wrecked goods
u. an essential part of a theatre
v. a small house.

Answers on page 34

What's the Word?

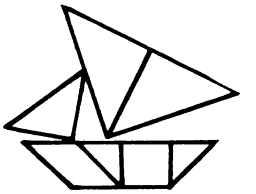
What are the names given to the sciences described below.

a. The study of plants
b. The study of animals
c. A science that describes the surface of the earth, its physical features, climate, races, natural products, and so on
d. The science of numbers
e. The study of the heavenly bodies
f. The investigation of the properties and relations of magnitudes in space (A difficult definition, but a well-known science)
g. The study of the materials that compose the earth's crust
h. The study of the workings of the mind
i. The study of human antiquities
j. The study of the structure of the human, and other animal bodies

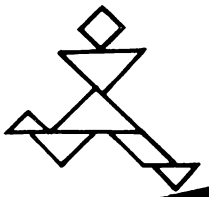


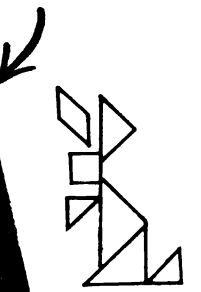
TANGRAMS

Here is a fascinating puzzle that the Chinese invented a long time ago. It consists of a square that is cut into seven pieces, or **tans,** that can be arranged and re-arranged to form hundreds of different shapes called **tangrams.** You can make **tangrams** of people, animals, birds, boats, houses or anything else you want to try by fitting the edges of these pieces together. All seven pieces must be used, and no two pieces can overlap.



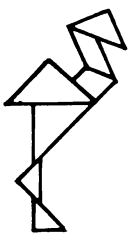
Trace these squares on to a piece of black paper. Then paste them on to stiff cardboard.

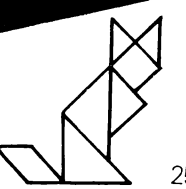


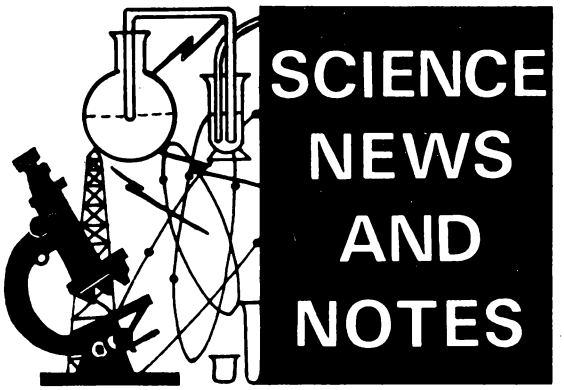


CONTEST

Send us 2 of your best efforts. Paste them onto cardboard and mail them. Upto 4 points will be awarded. Last date: May 10.

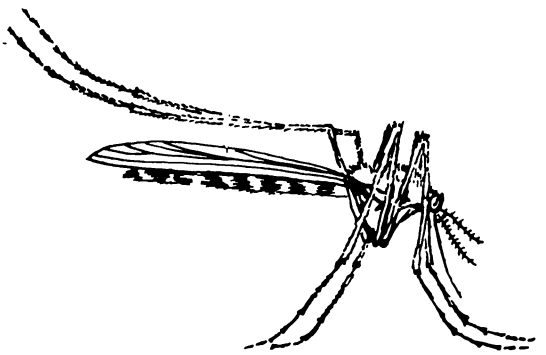






Why Mosquitoes Bite

Most female mosquitoes need a meal of blood to produce a family. This meal enables the female to lay as many as three hundred eggs. She gets the blood by jabbing a long, thin tube into the skin of a bird or mammal. The tube is called a proboscis. Through it, the mosquito sucks about one and a half times her



weight in blood. The female mosquito's saliva irritates the skin and causes itching. The saliva can also spread disease germs. The male mosquito doesn't need blood. He gets all the nourishment he requires from the sweet liquid in flowers.

Epiphytes — Air Plants

Plants that grow on the bark and branches of trees and on other plants are called **epiphytes.** Some kinds of ferns, mosses, orchids, lichens and even cactuses grow this way. No one ever plants an **epiphyte.** A tiny seed lands in the crack of a tree's bark. It sprouts and grows into a plant that seems to live off the air around it. That's why **epiphytes** are also called **air-plants.**

Air plants cannot live off air alone. But they do **not** take food from the plants they live on, either. They each have special ways of collecting the food and water they need.

Orchids that grow on trees have special roots that take in rainwater and dew from the air. When it rains, dirt and tiny bits of bark trickle down to the orchid. These tid-bits become food for the plant.

Many air plants belong to a family called **bromeliads.** Most bromeliads have overlapping leaves that grow in a circle. This forms a cup that catches rain-water, dirt and dead insects. That is how these air plants get the food they need.

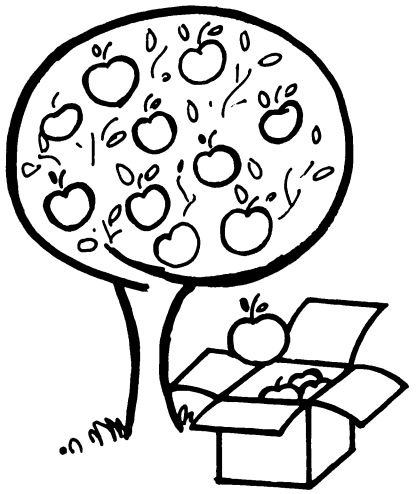
Packaging Apples for India

When Dalal Singh picks up the apples from his half acre orchard in Kashmir next autumn, they will be sold in the markets of Madras — over 1,000 miles away — in perfect condition, earning him more rupees than ever before. He is one of thousands of western Himalayan farmers who, with the help of the Indian Institute of Packaging, are making this region the "fruit-basket" of the subcontinent.

The Bombay-based Institute is starting a major programme to transport apples from this traditional fruit-growing area to cities all over India. Proper packaging and handling methods will eliminate spoilage which is currently as high as 40 percent! Paper based cartons, instead of the heavy wooden boxes, will be used. This will cut costs as well as conserve our scarce timber resources. **India presently consumes one kilo of timber for every two kilos of apples; paper boxes would reduce**

packaging weight by 80 percent, and consequently cut freight costs considerably.

The first step in the project is to convince the farmers that merely growing apples will not necessarily bring them more money ... the apples must get to the consumer in good condition. The next step is the packaging which means much more than just putting things into



a box. The Institute will take into account all factors affecting the apples from the orchards to the consumer. These include characteristics of the apples, methods of handling, packaging and transportation, and requirements at the points of sale.

The United Nations Industrial Development Organisation (UNIDO) has been helping India to make such projects a reality by providing some $822,000 worth of container testing equipment, as well as training and technical expertise to the Institute.

The Director of the Institute thinks that "packaging is vital for a country such as India that depends largely on export promotion for its industrial development. I believe it is one of the most effective aids for boosting exports."

The Indian Institute of Packaging is the only establishment of its kind in the third world to offer short-term intensive certificate courses in packaging technology.

I wish to thank you on behalf of all the subscribers of my school for publishing such a delightful magazine.

B. Vinayak Shenoy
St. Aloysius H. School,
Mangalore

I must tell you that SUNSHINE is the best magazine that I have ever read. It is very interesting specially for its stories, contests, poems, etc.

I really enjoy reading it very much.

Srimati Roy
Cuttack

..... *my heart sank on reading about your intention to close down SUNSHINE. I have had the privilege of being a regular reader of this splendid magazine for youth ever since it appeared in print way back in 1954. What a bleak prospect to contemplate the horizon of our youth without SUNSHINE. I am delighted that SUNSHINE is not closing down.*

May I wish your valuable enterprise continued life.

Miss S. Stephens
(Teacher incharge of General Knowledge in Hr. Classes.)
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22 **(Serial Story)**

There was a rapid mutter in Japanese, then Matsutan said: 'I think it would be best if we go quickly to see this place.'

'Now? With a torch?'

'Not now,' said Matsutan. But we will go early in the morning. Please arrange to sleep outside your tent. We will come for you before dawn. It would be better for no one else to know.' There was a pause; the two Japanese bowed stiffly, and Jason gave an awkward duck of the head in reply. They did not move and he saw that they were waiting for him to go, so he walked away.

* * *

'Jason.' A torch flashed briefly and went out. 'It will soon be dawn.'

Jason sat up. The sand was damp and cold. Its touch took him back to the morning before, and at once he was fully awake. Shivering he groped about for his canvas shoes. 'Ready,' he whispered. 'Shall I lead?'

'Please!'

They hurried from the open sands, with all the time the light strengthening and Jason saw that the two Japanese still wore their lightweight business suits and that Sumitomo carried a smart leather attaché case. Jason searched about, then darted forward. 'Here's where I slept — and look, here are my footprints and his!' There was his hollow, the sand still heaped up where he had burrowed into it. Jason recounted the various moves in his escape. 'There was a big tree,' he explained, 'a big white tree. I hid near it. After that I went uphill.'

He tried to imagine himself running again, racing through the trees to hide. He led the two Japanese back inside the edge of the trees, trying to remember just how far he had run. Then it had seemed miles — but suddenly he saw the tree, unmistakable with its huge buttresses, and fine-grained whitish bark, and at the sight of it he again felt a twinge of remembered terror.

Matsutan, seeing his expression, said: 'This is where you hid.'

'Yes.' Jason was quiet now and confident. He made as if to lead but Matsutan stopped him. 'Please.' Sumitomo went in front, and he now carried a small automatic pistol in his right hand.

On and up they went, and Jason began to see how far he had actually gone in his flight. They climbed easily, moving with care for the thorn tendrils. Sumitomo stopped.

Bundles of cut leaves, yellowing at the edges, still lay where they had been cast down, and the lean-to shelters were still half-finished, undisturbed except for one overturned.

With a gesture to Jason to stay still, Matsutan went forward beyond Sumitomo, his own pistol out. Gun-hand forward he edged through the camp, stood a long moment, turned and came back. He looked inquiringly at Jason, who searched behind the tumbled lean-to, found the blowpipe lying on the ground, lifted it and showed it to Matsutan. Sumitomo walked a few yards down the slope and looked about. 'There.' He pointed.

A muscular leg, the trousers rucked up to the knee, stuck out from behind a tree. They moved round, keeping their distance, and saw the dead hijacker lying propped between tree and slope, his left arm flung back, his right crooked in front of him. Matsutan stooped to examine the body, with Sumitomo standing on guard a yard or two away, and Jason, fearful yet fascinated, standing at the edge of the camp.

'He died by the dart.' Matsutan straightened up.

Jason forced himself to look at the man he had killed, and when he looked, he could not turn his eyes away. There was a faint bruise in the centre of the hijacker's forehead, his eyes were open and seemed to glare at Jason, and his lips were drawn back to show tightly clenched teeth. Gripped in his right hand was the snapped-off shaft of the dart, the delicate white wadding crushed and broken, and from his ribs protruded the broken shank, the head buried deep. His automatic still lay beneath him, and Matsutan identified it for Jason. 'Kalashnikov,' he said, 'Soviet.' He lifted the dead man's outflung hand. The finger-nails were dark with earth, and Matsutan pointed to a small patch of clawed ground. 'He did not struggle for long. That poison was quick. Are there any more darts?'

'There were some in a little basket.' Jason climbed up to the camp. In the centre of it lay the quiver of darts and he picked it up gingerly.

Back at the tree he found Sumitomo busy with equipment from the attache case photographing and finger-printing the dead man, taking care not to touch the hand that clutched the dart, while Matsutan stood studying a folder, turning over sheets of photographs and descriptions till he stopped at one page: 'This one.' Jason peered over his shoulder. The sheet held a photograph surrounded by close-written ideographs in Japanese. Enlarged from a group picture of solemn-faced students, it was of a young man in his late teens or very early twenties, looking at the camera with earnest attention.

'Hirada Tosei,' said Matsutan, 'a student — a good student, at Keio University!'

Jason looked from the pleasantly serious face in the photograph to the death-mask glaring at them from the slope of forest earth, and back at the file again. Matsutan sighed and clicked his tongue. 'Like so many, an idealist. He wanted to change the world.'

'But how —'

'How did he come to this?' Matsutan laughed shortly. 'First he joined the student groups who fight the police when political affairs do not please them. He also became increasingly deeply involved in radical politics. His studies suffered, he was warned to improve his work, but eventually had to leave the University. When approached by the radical Japanese Red Army, he was unemployed, had a reputation as a trouble-maker and was desperate.' He sighed again. 'The change did not take long — a few months, no more.' He pointed to the photograph. 'That was taken last year.'

'Finished.' Sumitomo was packing up his suitcase.

The two men began a low discussion in Japanese, and Jason guessed what they were saying: if the hijackers were told that their companion was dead, they would demand their revenge. Yet if they were not told, Sue and the other girl would die. Jason began to feel that this trip of theirs had been a waste of time. He should have spoken up to Colonel Chula last night and got it over. As it was he had just postponed the unpleasantness, whatever that was to be. If only, he thought, if only he could admit to killing the man, and then melt away into the forest like those aborigines. If they had done it, the hijackers could not call for blood.

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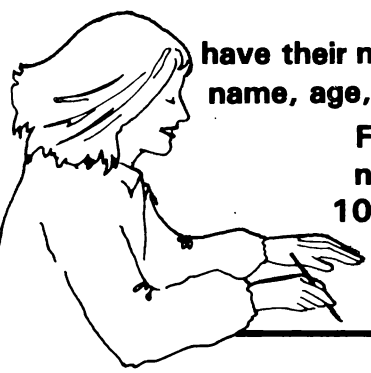

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A Chinese Fairy Tale

The Magic Cask

Many years ago there lived a poor man who dug up a big earthenware cask in his field. He took it home with him and told his wife to clean it out. But when his wife started brushing the inside of the cask, the brush dropped out of her hand, and the cask suddenly began to fill itself up with brushes. No matter how many were taken out, others kept on taking their place. So the man sold the brushes, and the family managed to live quite comfortably.

Once a coin fell into the cask by mistake. At once the brushes disappeared and the cask began to fill itself with money. Then the family became rich; for they could take as much money out of the cask as they wished.

Now the man had an old grandfather at home, who was weak and shaky. Since there was nothing else he could do, his grandson set him to work shovelling money out of the cask. When his weak old grandfather grew weary and could not keep on, he would fall into a rage, and shout at him angrily, telling him he was lazy and did not want to work. One day, however, the old man's strength gave out and he fell into the cask and died. At once the money disappeared, and the whole cask began to fill itself with dead grandfathers.

Then the man had to pull them all out and have them buried, and to do this he had to use up again the thousands of coins he had collected before. And when he was through, the cask broke, and then he was just as poor as ever he was before. ■

He looked at the blowpipe in his hand, and round at the little camp. The aborigines ... A wild idea was beginning to form in his mind, an idea whose glimmerings came at the thought of the small brown men abandoning their camp and vanishing like shadows. His heart sank a little; the idea was too wild no one would accept it; and yet ... His eye fell on the neck of the dart, peeping from the wound in the dead man's ribs, his hand clutching the snapped-off shaft. He, Jason, had certainly not carried a blowpipe from the aircraft!

Matsutan was about to pull the Kalashnikov from under the hijacker when Jason said, 'Wait!' and the two Japanese looked at him in surprise. 'Don't move him,' he said, 'leave him, just as he is! Look!' He pointed at the dart and shook the blowpipe at Matsutan. 'Say we found him dead — say the aborigines were frightened by him, and killed him!'

Matsutan straighted up, staring at Jason, who repeated what he had said in case the Japanese had not understood. 'The aborigines have run away; no one knows who they are. Only they have blowpipes!'

'That is true. You did not bring it.' Matsutan spoke reflectively. 'It is a possible story — it is possible!' He spoke as if to himself, and Jason could see from his eyes that he was weighing up the probable reactions of the hijackers to the story. 'Like all idealists they have a strong feeling of persecution. They will suspect a trick. But,' he looked at the dead man, 'I do not see how else we can save innocent life.'

Jason shivered. Matsutan had not specified whose life.

'It would be better,' the Japanese detective

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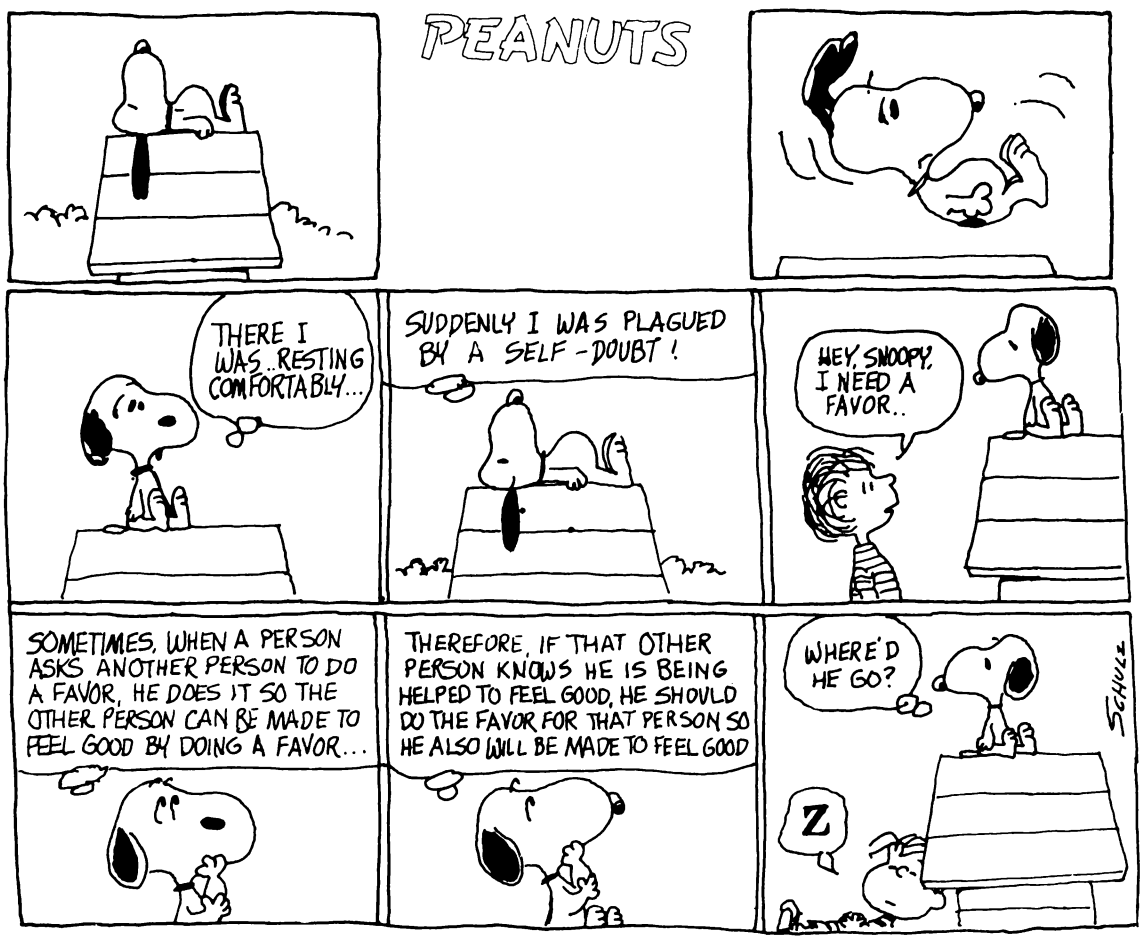

PEANUTS
THERE I WAS..RESTING COMFORTABLY...
SUDDENLY I WAS PLAGUED BY A SELF-DOUBT!
HEY, SNOOPY, I NEED A FAVOR..
SOMETIMES, WHEN A PERSON ASKS ANOTHER PERSON TO DO A FAVOR, HE DOES IT SO THE OTHER PERSON CAN BE MADE TO FEEL GOOD BY DOING A FAVOR...
THEREFORE, IF THAT OTHER PERSON KNOWS HE IS BEING HELPED TO FEEL GOOD, HE SHOULD DO THE FAVOR FOR THAT PERSON SO HE ALSO WILL BE MADE TO FEEL GOOD
WHERE'D HE GO?
Z
SCHULZ

First — Aid Instructor: "How would you rescue a man from drowning?"
Eager Pupil: "That's easy, sir. First you take the man out of the water, and then you take the water out of the man."

Little Deepika ran into the house crying as though her heart would break.
"What's wrong, dear?" asked her mother.
"My doll — Raju broke it," she sobbed.
"How did he break it, dear?" asked Mother.
"I hit him on the head with it!"

Teacher: "Bobby, what is an oyster?"
Bobby: "It's a fish built like a nut."

"I guess my father must have been a pretty mischievous boy," said one youngster.
"Why?" inquired the other.
"Because he knows exactly what questions to ask when he wants to know what I have been doing."

The schoolteacher was taking her first golfing lesson. "Is the word spelled p-u-t or p-u-t-t?" she asked the instructor.
"P-u-t-t is correct," he replied. "Put means to place a thing where you want it. Putt means merely a vain attempt to do the same thing."

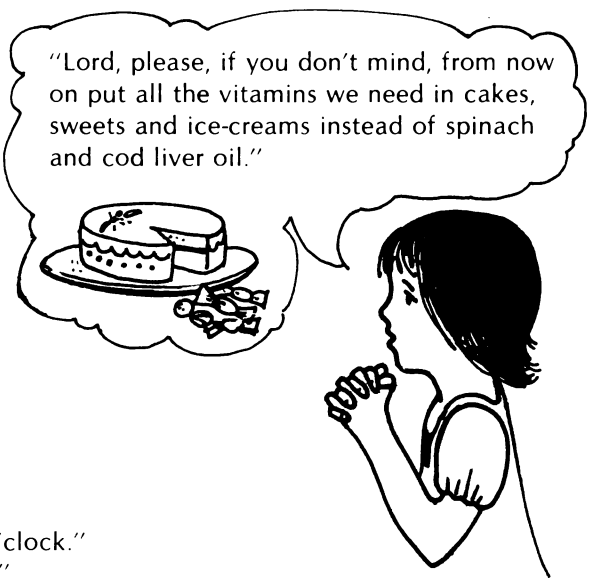
Teacher: "What is the difference between caution and cowardice?"
Pupil: "Caution is when you're afraid and cowardice is when the other fellow's afraid."

Boss: "You should have been here at nine o'clock."
New Stenographer: "Why? What happened?"

Teacher: "What is the half of eight,?"
Tarak: "Which way, teacher?"
Teacher: "What do you mean?"
Tarak: "On top or sideways?"
Teacher: "What difference does it make?"
Tarak: "Well, the top half of eight is zero, but the half of eight sideways is three."

"So you really think your memory is improving under treatment? You remember things now?"
"Well, not exactly, but I have progressed so far that I can frequently remember I have forgotten something, if I could only remember what it is."

Lecturer: Allow me, before I close, to repeat the words of the immortal Webster.
Listener: Oh, no! Now he's starting on the dictionary!


"Lord, please, if you don't mind, from now on put all the vitamins we need in cakes, sweets and ice-creams instead of spinach and cod liver oil."

went on, 'to have someone other than ourselves find him and carry him down. Perhaps we can ask Colonel Chula to, er, arrange a discovery.'

'Yes — but why carry him down?' Jason looked about. If Matsutan said it might work, it very probably would. How could they convince the hijackers beyond doubt? He was thinking out a likely sequence. 'Why not get one of them here?' he said eagerly. 'They can see this man just as he is, with the dart stuck in him. It's obvious nothing else killed him!' He saw a faint crease appear between Matsutan's brows, and made himself speak more slowly. 'He has the bruise on his forehead,' he went on, indicating it and looking round at the Japanese, 'but he could have bumped against the tree when he fell! And all this, he pointed to the yellowing leaf edges, 'they are not new, not made just now!'

Sumitomo was nodding his head slowly and Matsutan, eyes thoughtful and narrowed, looked from the body to the camp a few yards further up and then at the forest all round. 'Hai,' he said decisively. 'It is a good suggestion.' He looked at Jason appraisingly. 'We will let one hijacker see the evidence — and form his own conclusions. We need explain nothing. He will see the obvious and will think the obvious. Hai,' he said again.

Then Jason had a sobering thought: 'They may not believe us. They may think it is a trick, and not send a man to look.'

'They will certainly think it is a trick,' agreed Matsutan, but added: 'They will also be very curious. Remember, they have been sitting there waiting for his return for a day and a night. They will also want to be sure that he is dead.' He spoke a word in Japanese to Sumitomo, who nodded agreement. 'In that period they must have also suspected that their comrade might have turned against them. These people suspect each other almost more than they suspect the police. That Rengo Sekigun purge and massacre of their own members on Mount Haruna showed that. No,' he said confidently, 'their own suspicions will make them send someone to look.'

Matsutan looked at his watch. 'It is nearly seven o'clock. If we are quick, we can be back before notice is taken of our absence. I will tell Colonel Chula where we found the body. He will not ask questions. I will explain that it would be best for a hijacker to see it. Let us go.' Then he paused, the faint crease again appearing between his eyebrows. 'But why did this man follow you, Jason? Why was one boy important when they have many hostages?'

'I don't know,' confessed Jason. 'I've no idea. I think they were just angry that I escaped.' He was more immediately concerned with whether the hijackers would accept their story of the aborigines and the blowpipe. He held it up: 'They would not have left this behind.'

'You are right.' Matsutan looked around. 'It might not be safe to hide it here.'

'And the darts — we can't leave those either.'

'We will take them all down and hide them near the beach. Later we can cut them up and perhaps burn them. But we will leave his automatic. The aborigines would not have touched it.' He looked up at Jason. 'That will make it seem more natural. Now, we will run.' He removed his jacket and led off at a steady lope back down the spur towards the beach.

(to be continued)

WORD GAMES

The 'A G E' Game

a. Cabbage
b. Cage
c. Bandage
d. Bondage
e. Baggage or luggage
f. Foliage
g. Carriage
h. Marriage
i. Damage
j. Image
k. Pilgrimage
l. Rummage
m. Plumage
n. Coinage
o. Page
p. Rage
q. Beverage
r. Courage
s. Sage
t. Salvage
u. Stage
v. Cottage

A Rose is a rose is a .....?

Rose — the flower
rows — ranks
roes — of fish
rose — got up
rows — in a boat
roes — deer

Answers

Fill in the 'O's'

1. Sonorous
2. Offshoot
3. Monotonous
4. Storeroom
5. Sociology
6. Bookshop
7. Footloose
8. Orthodox

What's the Word?

a. Botany
b. Zoology
c. Geography
d. Arithmetic
e. Astronomy
f. Geometry
g. Geology
h. Psychology
i. Archaeology
j. Anatomy

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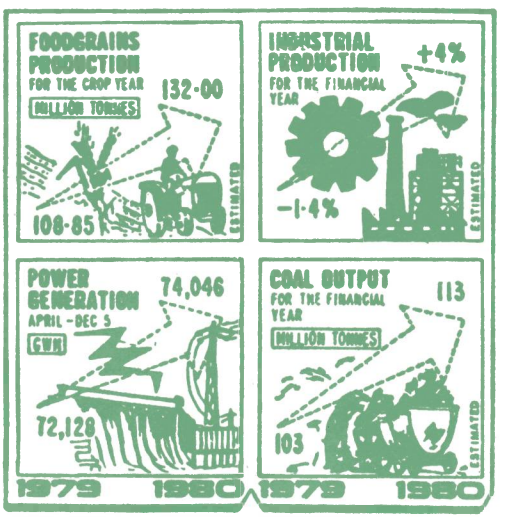

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RAM & SHYAM GO 'TROUBLE SHOOTING'.

RAM, THIS JOURNEY SEEMS VERY LONG!
YES... AND I HAVE RUN OUT OF SONGS.
HEY LOOK! I'VE A FEELING SOMETHING NASTY'S HAPPENING...
THERE'S A DARK DIRTY VILLAIN SELLING POPPINS TO LITTLE CHILDREN.
YES! THE POPPINS HE'S SELLING ARE CHEAP IMITATIONS...
BAD FOR HEALTH AND BAD FOR DIGESTION!
AH SHYAM, GO TELL THE KIDS ABOUT THIS MAN'S WRONG DEEDS...
WHILE I TAKE THIS HANDFUL OF REAL POPPINS AND AIM AT HIS BIG FEET.
AH LOOK! HE IS SLIPPING...
I'LL GET HIM. HE'S FALLING... IT'LL TEACH HIM A LESSON TO STOP ALL THIS CHEATING!
MEANWHILE I THINK... I'LL TAKE THESE REAL POPPINS AND GIVE THEM TO THE KIDS... THEY DESERVE A TREAT.

LICKABLE
LIKEABLE
LOVABLE
PARLE
POPPINS FRUITY SWEETS
PARLE POPPINS
5 FRUITY FLAVOURS — RASPBERRY, PINEAPPLE, LEMON, ORANGE AND LIME.
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